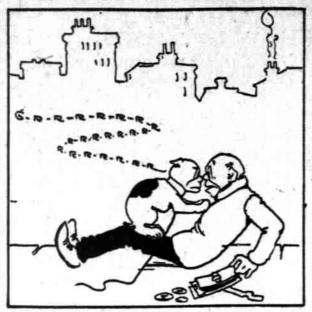
The "Dip" Gets Pete Into Good Graces Again

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman











THE FETISH OF BEAUTY

And How We All

Bow Down to It

By PEGGY VAN BRAAM



HRUSTING away the mirror with a force that sent it crashing to the floor, the girl turned with a gesture of infinite grief to the mother who was watching her in anxious wonderment.

"It's true, mother," she cried out, with all the tragic bitterness of the wistful years in her voice,

tragic bitterness of the wistful years in her voice, "it's true what the girls said. They don't want me to take a table at the fair because I'm too ugly, and they only want pretty girls. Marion didn't have me for her bridesmaid because I was ugly, nobody ever asks me to do anything except through pity, and I'll never, never have anybody love me or want me or "" love me or want me or-

Sobs choked her, and flinging herself on the floor she buried her face in the lap of the older woman whose own heart was breaking at sight of her girl's sorrow.

All the mother's reiterated statements of the loveliness of soul that shines through the eyes and in the expression could bring no solace, no soothing to the wound inflicted by careless companions who had teased and taunted her about her lack of that fetish of modern days-beauty.

Turned On the Gas

'And so-when night came-she stopped up the doors and windows

You have probably all read of the little tragedy in the daily papers and sighed over the "hysterical girls" who take their own lives and perhaps held your own daughters closer to your hearts, but didn't your pity go out to her, too?

She is by no means the only girl who—branded by her comrades as ugly, brought to a sudden realization of her poor skin and lack-luster eyes—has run away or attempted suicide. Why? Because we have made a fetish of beauty, all of us; we have set it up as the goal toward which every woman is striving. We have declared that beauty and beauty alone is capable of winning and holding a man's

It all hurts, too, for even grown-ups, such as you probably are, hate to be teased about their frocks or the way they do their hair, and when you combine with that feminine instinct the emotional character of the average girl of sixteen or seventeen, whose very dreams are shattered by their plainness, who can blame them for their pitiful attempts to end their lives?

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

glanced over the fashion page and interest, and I'll bet that a lot of swell then winked at the stage-struck youth. dames followed her around with pho-

women threaten to wear certainly are hang of how the thing was cut. the ridiculous lookin' garments, ain't they?" Then he paused and turned to another page. "Listen," he said. "This here article says that Miss Ally viewed on the subject, as you can Mode, who's doin' the livin' statuary plainly guess, and our own little press here this week, is the real originator agent was on the spot ready to hand of the garment, and here's a picture out the salve to the interviewers and of her as she went down Main street take charge of them afterwards and in it yesterday afternoon.

"That girl has some crust, all right. The stage-struck youth had listened She's got a good act, and while she carefully, and was about to say that don't wear much more than a spot- he would stand for a harem skirt if light on the stage, she's got the right any girl had the ingenuity to make one idea of dressin' to attract attention on herself, when the telephone bell rang. the street. This is a right pretty article and tells how she designed her and after the boy had hung up the resplit skirt herself and wouldn't let celver he demanded: "And who was it any hand touch it until it was finished. All the gores and hems and gussets and biases were done by her own dainty fingers. If you don't believe it, here's a picture showing her ment store, and he wants to know

The stage doorkeeper sighed as he gown herself gives the story human "These jupee-culotty things that the tographic eyes and tried to get the

Brass Rail Boulevard

"She allowed herself to be interpilot them back to their offices via Brass Rail boulevard."

with a thimble on. You can't get when Miss Ally Mode is going to revery far away from that, can you?

"Now, the fact that she built the wore yesterday afternoon."

Smiles and Sniggers For Warm Days

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY 'First Class English Gentlemans butler with London and St. Petersburg ex-

Vreyma. Good, Now he must try English .-Punch.

Regular Communicant After the sermon on Sunday morning the rector welcomed and shook hands with a young German.

"And are you a regular cant?" said the rector. "Yes," said the German; "I take the 7.45 every morning."

Safe

Angry Farmer-Here, wot you doin' in my brook? I shall arrest yer when you 'Twas Theophilus' hobby. Voice-I ain't a-comin' out. I'm a committin' suicide!

Request Granted

Tramp-Can't you give me a bite or Women of the House-I can't, but I tian laugh. (She did not put "stony" mink I can get it for you.

He Got It Hard Cholly Chumpleigh-No; I'll not give

A Desert Mystery; Or, Sandy Wastes

From his helmet to his leggings Theo-

In his peregrinations and his picturperience, seeks position, highest refer- esque tourist clethes, he had flirted ences (speaks French)."-Advt. in Novos with every kind of maiden under the sun except an Egyptian lass, and now



And so, in the shadow of the pyramids, Theophilus eyed fondly the sallow examination, always preserving that siren of the sands.

"You're a peach," he murmured. "Take care, lest I give you the stony stare," she replied, with a light Egyp-

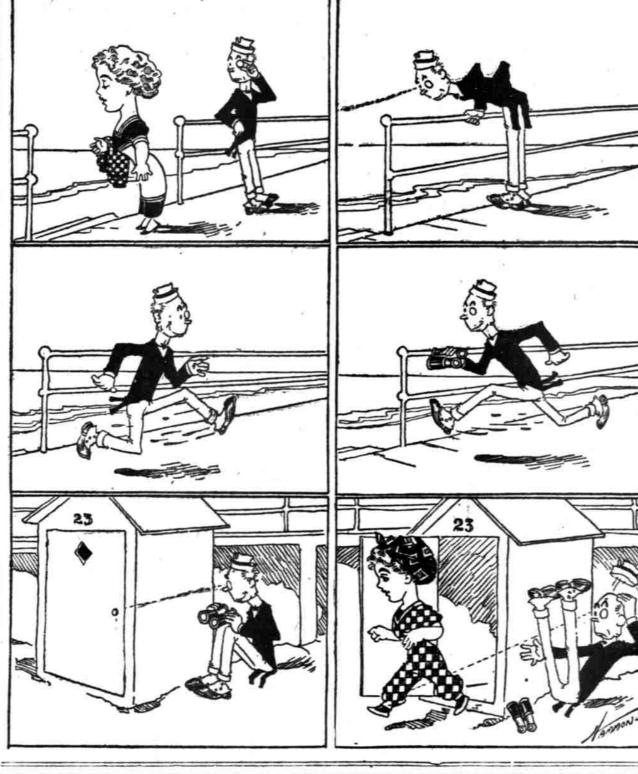
in Italics and the joke was lost.) His arm stole around her. "Ah! the majesty of the sandy waste!" he murmured. She smote him you a chance to throw me down. You're thrice. Three times she soaked him. too slow to make a monkey out of me. "Take that! And that!" And that!" Miss Cutting-Too late, you mean. she cried, and sped across the desert.

By JAMES H. HAMMON

Drawn for The Washington Times.

ALGY

He's in Favor of Any Law Against the Harem Suit



Loretta's Looking Glass

SEE HOLDS IT UP TO THE Girl Who Thinks "All's Fair in Love"



one at school.

asked. "Oh, yes!" the school girl answered. "Often?" the other inquired carelessly. "About every two weeks, I think,"

he long-absent one returned. "Does he write-interesting letters?" | her. 'Yes, very."

A Clear Misquotation

A long silence followed, natural to two girls who have loved each other a double part, she would have climbed since childhood-the kind of silence alderstanding! A clear misquotation! "Were they love letters?"

can manage to insert such light- turned yourself into a spy. You have hearted, deeply-interested, kindly-curious meaning into such a question.

The school girl instantly answered with a negative. But the methods of girls are so devious, and it is such a customary treatment of inquiries about love affairs, that the stay-at-home was not convinced. She continued her cross-

NOTHING TO SAY Reporter (at door of mansion)-There

is a rumor that Mr. Greatman has just died. Is this true? Butler-Yes; but he has nothing to say for publication.

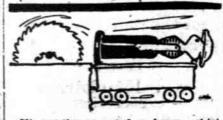
Naming No Places "Last night I dreamed I was dead."

An intimacy which had been she was guilty was that she herself degraded yourself to suspicioning a broken by the long absence of loved the man. And she tried with man whose love you pretended to re-"Did Tom write you while you were every deceptive method known to a turn. And THEN, you have justified away?" the stay-at-home best friend girl to find out whether the friend loved your dishonorable performance with

the man she loved and whether the man the false assumption that "all is fair had made love to some one besides herself. It was all underhanded, ignominious. It was debasing to the friendship she pretended for the girl who trusted It was unjust to the lover. It was generally mean and decidedly snippy.

But she called it fair. She considered it justifiable. And if she had found out that the lover was playing up on a pedestal of outraged virtue ways quoted as the sign of perfect un- and reproached him with his deceit. Think of it! Or rather, just remember what you have done yourself No one who has never been a girl at one time or another. You have

WHEN NOAH WAS A BOY



His mother wanted a harem skirt. His pa kicked, but finally said if she'd have her old one made over he'd stand patient I have at the present time. for it. So the carpenter-dressmaker oiled up his circular saw and Mrs. Noah mounted the truck. As the saw began to eat into the hem, she said: last night. "It was a dreadfully warm night, "This is going to be quite painful, but anything to be in style."

THE two girls were re-establishing | The heart of the hatefulness of which been a traitor to a friend. You have

is in banking. If it taught girls any lessons, if they were not so unutterably stupid in matters of the heart, the asking questions. punishment of finding out that lovers ARE untrue would be a blessing.

. Trickery and Deceit

It would be a good thing that a girl should find the trickery and deceit she looks for when she practices the same criminal method of seeking, if she ever seemed to deduce the healthful lesson that her own dishonor needs correcting. What possesses girls to believe they can raise nice, large, juicy grapes off a wild sowing of thistles? There is not one girl in a thousand who trusts another when there's a man in the ques-Why? Because she knows she is not to be trusted herself, and she stick of her own infidelity, the false idea that "all is fair in love,"

THE ONLY PATIENT Friend-When do you expect Mr. Rich

to recover? Doctor-I don't know; he's the only

But She Liked It She-You had no business to kiss me

He-It wasn't business. It was pleas ure.

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

They Sure Are a Wonderful Little People and All This

JAP WAR TALK IS FOOLISH



NYTHING in today's paper about the war with Japan, Belle? The newspapers have been promisin' for a long while to give us a chance to see if we can murder a million Japs before they murder a million Americans, and it seems to me it's about

Personally, Belle, I hope they keep the war confined to the first pages of the newspapers. It makes much more intrestin reading than the tariff on wool or even Colonel Roosevelt's bitin' rebuke to the Amalgamated Association of Ashmen, delivered at their banquet and callin' them to account for yellin' at their horses the way they do. And, besides, it does away with the list o' the dead and wounded, a little

detail the science of war hasn't perfected yet. As you've prob'ly heard some one remark before, the Japs are a wonderful little people, and I'd like to see them go right on sendin' us jugglers and kimonos in the same peaceful, neighborly way. Why, we oughtn't to fight the Japs, Belle. They're the on'y foreigners that don't dress like we do who can come over here and wear our clothes without makin' it appear doubtful whether there's anybody in 'em

Mamie's Real Fond of the Japs

I fell in love with the Japs as soon as I saw the first ones in , American clothes, Belle. I'd been used to seein' Chinamen in American trousers that hung as though somebody'd put 'em on them while they wasn't lookin', and if anybody'd suggested a war with China, I'd 'a' said, "Go ahead; any race of people that can't wear their pants straight deserve to be licked."

But the Japs are diff'rent, Belle. There's no gettin' around it; they're a wonderful little people. The American eagle has clawed its way into victory in every scrap it's had so far, but, then, it's never tackled a country where all the citizens can lie down on their backs and juggle each other on the soles of their feet. It seems to me, Belle, that in a real battle soldiers that can slide down thousand foot wires on one toe would be pretty hard to hit with just ord'nary

Sherman was right in what he said about war. They ought to change the rules so's war would be like a game o' checkers, and after it was over we could have our men back again to play with

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

festival at the church tomorrow one of those kiss selling booths even if night," announced Mrs. Peeved, as she they did need the money, and here ran the darning egg through one of they've gone and got twelve of the her husband's socks and shook her prettiest girls they could find to sell

head at the gaping holes.

"How Interesting:" replied Mr.
Peeved, who was deep in batting av"Yes," agreed Mr. Peeved, refle erages and pitching arms. "And I want you to come along."

Ridiculous

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Peeved, "me because I don't like strawberry fesgo to a strawberry festival? Not in a tivals, million years, petty. When I let any-"As their fingers just call up the padded their fingers just can up the part of the part of the fingers just can up the part of the part of the fingers just can up the part of the festival? Oh, sugar! Don't make me laugh, petty, please; it's too warm," Well, I told the ladies I'd bring you

"No, petty," said Mr. Peeved, with an cause I won't go with you, air of finality. "I just can't see myself next you stand on your ear

ladies' husbands are fools enough to trot along there'll be men enough with-"Very well, if you won't you won't, I

doesn't want to.

"As you say, the other ladies will body drag me into a bunch of hens all have their husbands, and maybe running around with strawberries in you'd feel sort of-sort of out of the running if I didn't come along.

kisses at a dollar apiece. I think it's

"Yes," agreed Mr. Peeved, reflectively,

"I don't approve of that sort of thing

myself. Do you know, petty, I've been thinking the thing over, and perhaps

it's not exactly right to hold back just

"You don't need to," she said "I-I'd rather go alone." sharply. "Oh, you would! You would! Well, around, and the rest of them are going I've heard lots about the inconsistency

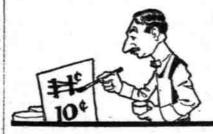
to bring their husbands, and I don't see why you can't be obliging."
One second you're half bellering because I won't go with you, and the at a strawberry festival. If the other I want to be reasonable. Just for that I insist on going!" "Then you'll go alone! If you go, ll stay home." I'll stay

"We'll both stay home, suppose," sighed Mrs. Peeved. "There's boomed Mr. Peeved, as a vision of no use urging a man to do what he twelve lovely kiss sellers sailed out There's one thing of his horizon, and he returned to his they're going to have at the festival paper, while Mrs. Peeved snatched up that I don't approve of, anyway. I told the sock again.

Our Grocery Clerk Says He Fumbled

I've sort of been pondering over the

The boss told me he'd think a whole lot more of me if I got rid of some



boxes of buckwheat that had been clutmeasures her girl friends by the yard- tering up the shelves, so I tried my hav' listened before, yu'd hav' saved idea, I thought it was, too. "Make flour," the sign read.

"Why cocoon?" "They make the butter fly," I'd come

back, with my best little bow. The little joke was appreciated, all right; but nary a sale. The boss wanted After he'd finished it dawned on me day an' fishin'. Eh, dad?

Can you beat it?

Can you beat it?

Reddy Smith On The Forgetful Mind

De thing dat causes de mos truble It just ISN'T, however! Dishonor boss' little stunt of stirring up interest wid people, Jimmle, is de way dey is just as much dishonor in love as it in slow-selling stock by sticking up rushes into uh thing widdout thinkin'. signs that would start the customers Now, 'course, I aint sayin' I never done it-but-

> Member de little gurl wid de dark hair an' blue eyes, cute little thing. dat uster wurk uver in de Mutual's orfices? She uster be Milligen's son's best gurl. Well, one day I'm uh standin' uver

> by de stature when she cums erlong wid Milligen's son. She wus goin uh-way fur uh pleasure trip an' he wus "Rerdie." he wus sayin', "yoo can't

swim, an' de river down dere is dangerous. Don't go canoein' wid anybody, but wait till I cums down." "All right, Charlie," she sez sweetly,

"Member," he sez uh-gain, "if yu'd hand at that sign thing. Pretty nifty yourself uh lot uv truble uver sum things; now, don't do it!"

Well, Jimmie, she goes uhway, an' buckwheat cakes with this two days later he gits uh telegram Well, they asked the question, all sayin' she wus drowned when uh canoe She went widdout thinkin', hur mudder sald, but it wus too late den, an'

Milligan's son aint been de same since







half-bantering manner.





IF THE ROMAN DOG TRAY GETS A HAIR BRUSH WOULD YOU HAND THE ARABIAN CATACOMB